Melancholike humours,

IN VERSES OF DI-uerſe natures, ſet downe by

Nich: Breton, Gent.

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LONDON
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TO THE LOVER OF good ſtudies, and fauourer of good *actions, Maſter Thomas Blount*, heauens bleſſing, and earths *happineſſe*.

SIR, my knowledge of your good iudgement in the diuerſity of humours, and your diſpoſition to that beſt melancholie, that can not run madde with trifles, hath made me (vpon the gathering together of certain odde pieces of Poetry) to offer my labours to your patience, and my loue to your ſeruice. They are all waters of one ſpring: but they runne through many kinds of earth; whereof they giue a kinde of tang in their taſte. Such as they be, I leaue them to the kindneſſe of your acceptation, and my ſelfe to your like commaundement. And ſo (loath to vſe ceremonious cõplements) in the affection of a poore friend, & in humble thankefulneſſe, for your manie vndeſerued fauours, I reſt

Yours, very much to commaund,

N. B.

¶ To the Reader.

PAsqvill, hauing been long in his dumps, in ſomewhat better then a browne ſtudie, hath brought forth the fruites of a fewe melancholike humours: whichchiefely he commendeth to ſpirits of his own nature, full of melancholy, and as neere Bedlem, as Mooregate; a figure in the fields to be eaſily diſciphered. To be ſhort, and to growe towards an ende, ere I haue wel begun, I wil tel you; the gētlemās brains were much troubled, as you may ſee by his perplexities: but with ſtudying how to make one line leuell with another, in more rime then perhaps ſome will thinke reaſon, with much adoe about nothing, hee hath made a piece of worke as little worth. He that can giue him leſſe commendation, let him vſe his arte. For mine owne part, I haue taken paine to write his Will, which he hath ſent to the worlde to like as it liſt. According to whoſe will

To The Reader.

will, I leaue it; entreating no man to wreſte his will to any thing, further then may ſtand with his pleaſure; but to ſpeake indifferently of all things, as hee findes cauſe: and ſo I reſt

Your friende, N. B.

In Authorem.

THOV, *that wouldſt finde the habit of true paſſion,*
And ſee a minde attir'd in perfect ſtraines;
Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a faſhion,
In theſe pide times, only to ſhewe their braines,

Looke here on Bretons *worke, the maſter print:*
Where, ſuch perfections to the life doe riſe.
If they ſeeme wry, to ſuch as looke aſquint,
The fault's not in the obiect, but their eyes.

For, as one comming with a later all viewe,
Vnto a cunning piece wrought perſpectiue,
Wants facultie to make a cenſure true:
So with this Authors Readers will it thriue.

Which being eyed directly, I diuine,
His proofe their praiſe, will meete, as in this line.

BEN: IOHNSON.

See, and ſay nothing.

OH my thoughts, keepe in your words,
Leaſt their paſſage do repent yee:
Knowing, Fortune ſtill affordes
Nothing, but may diſcontent yee.

If your Saint be like the Sunne,
Sit not yee in *Phœbus* chaire;
Leaſt, when once the horſes runne,
Yee be *Dedalus* his heire.

If your labours well deſerue,
Let your ſilence onely grace them:
And, in patience, hope preſerue,
That no fortune can deface them.

If your friend doe growe vnkinde,
Grieue, but doe not ſeeme to ſhowe it.
For, a patient heart ſhall finde
Comfort, when the ſoule ſhall know it.

If your truſt be all betrai'd,
Trie, but truſt no more at all:
But in ſoule be not diſmai'd,
Whatſoeuer doe befall.

In your ſelues, your ſelues encloſe:
Keepe your ſecrecies vnſeene:
Leaſt, when ye your ſelues diſcloſe,
Yee had better neuer beene.

And what euer be your ſtate,
Doe not languiſh ouerlong:
Leaſt you finde it all too late,
Sorrow be a deadly ſong.

And be comforted in this,
If your paſſions be concealed,
Croſſe, or comfort, bale, or bliſſe,
Tis the beſt, is not reuealed.

So, my deereſt thoughts, adieu,
Harke whereto my ſoule doth call yee:
Be but ſecret, wiſe, and true,
Feare no euill can befall yee.

¶ *What is hell?*

WHAT is the place, that ſome do paint for hell?
A lake of horrour for the life of man.
Is it not, then, the death wherein I dwell,
That knowes no ioy, ſince firſt my life began?

What are the diuels? Spirits of tormenting.
What elſe are they, that vexe me in each vaine?
With wretched thoughts, my wofull ſpirit temp-
Or elſe perplex mee in an after-paine. (ting,

What

Bretons Melancholike Humours.

What is the fire? but, an effect of ſinne,
That keepes my heart in an vnkindly heat.
How long ſhall I this life continue in?
Till true repentance mercy doe entreate,

And p[illegible] euen at the lateſt breath;
Saue mee, Iweet Lord, yet frō the ſecōd death.

¶ *Mal content.*

IF I deſir'd vnto the world to liue,
Or ſought in ſoule to ſerue the golden God:
If I did homage to an idole giue,
Or, with the wicked, wiſht to haue abode,

Then well might Iuſtice lay her ſword vpon mee,
In due correction of my crooked hart:
But, ſhall I liue, in ſoule thus woe begon mee,
That ſeeke in faith to ſerue the better part?

Ah wretched ſoule, why doſt thou murmur ſo?
It is thy croſſe, and thou art borne to beare it:
Through helliſh griefs, thy hart to heauē muſt go,
For patience crowne, if thou wilt liue to wear it.

Then reſt with this (ſince faith is vertues friend)
Death ends diſtreſſe, heauen makes a happy end.

¶ *A dolefull passion.*

OH tyred heart, too full of sorrowes,
In night-like daies, despairing morrowes,
How canst thou thinke, so deepely greeued,
To hope to liue to be relieued.

Good fortune hath all grace forworne thee,
And cruell care hath too much torne thee:
Vnfaithfull friends do all deceiue thee,
Acquaintance all vnkindly leaue thee.

Beauty out of her booke doth blot thee,
And loue hath vtterly forgot thee,
Patience doth but to passion moue thee,
While only honour liues to loue thee.

Thine enemies all ill deuise thee,
Thy friends but little good aduise thee:
And they, who most doe duety owe thee,
Doe seeme as though they doe not knowe thee.

Thus pittie weepes to looke vpon thee,
To see how thou art woe begon thee:
And while these passions seeke to spill thee,
Death but attends the houre to kill thee.

And since no thoughte is comming to thee,
That any way may comfort doe thee,
Dispose thy thoughtes, as best may please thee;
That Heauen, of all thy Hell, may ease thee.

¶ *A Teſtament vpon the paſſion.*

TO care, that crucifies my heart,
My ſighes, and ſobbes, I doe bequeath,
And to my ſorrowes deepeſt ſmart,
The lateſt gaſpe that I doe breath.

To Fortune I bequeath my folly,
To giue to ſuch as ſeeke her grace:
To faithleſſe friends, that fortune wholly,
That brought mee in this heauie caſe.

To beauty, I bequeath mine age:
To loue, the hate of wit, and ſenſe:
To patience, but the cure of rage:
To honour, vertues patience.

Mine enemies I do forgiue:
And, to my friends, I giue my loue:
And wiſh, vngratefull hearts may liue,
But like ingratitude to proue.

To pitty, I bequeath my teares,
To fill her eyes when they be dry:
To faith, the feareleſſe thoughts of feares,
To giue to life, to let me die.

My care, I doe bequeath to death,
To cut the threades, that thoughts do ſpinne,
And, at my lateſt gaſpe of breath,
To heauen my ſoule, to hell my ſinne.

¶ *A fantaſticke ſolemne humour.*

SOVND, good reaſon, ſound my ſorrowes,
Equall them with any liuing:
Finde the worſt of all her giuing,
When ſhe moſt her miſchiefe borrowes.

Leaue not patience all perplexed,
Where no paſſions are appeaſed:
But her torments neuer eaſed,
Keepe her ſpirit too much vexed.

Tell, oh tell the trueſt ſtory,
That hath long time bene deſcribed:
Whereto iuſtly is aſcribed
Sorrowes pride, and death his glory.

Loue bred in diſcretions blindneſſe,
Shadowes, for the ſunne affecting
Nothing, but nothing effecting,
Shewes the croſſe of Natures kindneſſe.

Wit, bewitcht with wanton beauty,
Loſt the raines of reaſons bridle:
And, in folly all too idle,
Brake the bands of reaſons duty.

Time miſſpent in follies trifles
(With repentance ſorrow feeding)
In the rules of reaſons reeding,
Findes them nothing elſe but niſles.

Care

Care, yet, ſeeking to recouer
Indiſcretions heauie loſſes,
Found in caſting vp my croſſes,
Sorrow only left the louer.

¶ *A briefe of ſorrowe.*

MVSE of ſadneſſe, neere deaths faſhion,
Too neere madneſſe, write my paſſion.
Paines poſſeſſe mee, ſorrowes ſpill mee,
Cares diſtreſſe mee, all would kill mee.
Hopes haue faild mee, Fortune foild mee,
Feares haue quaild me, all haue ſpoild mee.
Woes haue worne mee, ſighes haue ſoakt mee,
Thoughts haue torne mee, all haue broke mee.
Beauty ſtrooke me, loue hath catcht mee,
Death hath tooke mee, all diſpatcht mee.

¶ *A ſolemne fancy.*

SORROVV in my heart breedeth
A Cocatrices neaſt:
Where euery young bird feedeth,
Vpon my hearts vnreſt.

Where euery pecke they giue mee
(VVhich euery houre they doe)
Vnto ſuch paine they driue mee,
I knowe not what to doe.

Oh broode vnhapp'ly hatched,
Of ſuch a curſed kinde,
Where death and ſorrowe, matched,
Liue, but to kill the minde.

Wordes torments are but trifles,
That but conceits confounde,
And Natures griefes, but nifles,
Vnto the ſpirits wounde.

They are but cares good morrowes,
That paſſions can declare:
While my hearts inward ſorrowes,
Are all without compare.

Fortune, ſhe ſeekes to ſweare mee,
To all may diſcontent me;
Yet ſayes ſhe doth forbeare mee,
She doth no more torment mee.

Beauty ſhe doth retaine mee
In ſcarce a fauours tittle:
And, though ſhe doe diſdeigne mee,
She thinkes my griefe too little.

Loue falles into a laughing,
At reaſons little good,
While ſorrow with her quaffing,
Is drunke with my heart blood.

But, let her drinke, and ſpare not,
Vntill my heart be dry:
And, let loue laugh: I care not:
My hope is, I ſhall dy.

And death ſhall only tell
My froward fortunes faſhion,
That neareſt vnto hell,
Was found the louers paſſion.

¶ *A ſolemne ſonnet.*

FORTVNE hath writ characters on my heart,
As full of croſſes, as the skinne can holde:
Which tell of torments, tearing euery part,
While death and ſorrowe doe my fate vnfolde.

Patience ſits leaning like a pining ſoule,
That had no heart to thinke of hopes reliefe;
VVhile fruitleſſe cares diſcomfort doe enroule,
Within the ground of neuer ending griefe.

Thoughts flie about, as all in feare confounded:
Reaſon growne mad, with too much *mal content*,
Loue paſſion-rent, to ſee his patience wounded,
VVith dreadfull terrors of deſpaires intent:

While care concludes, in comforts ouerthrowne,
Whē death can ſpeak, my paſſiōs ſhal be ſhowne.

Bretons Melancholike Humours.

¶ An extreame Passion.

OVT of the depth of deadly griefe, tormenting day and night,
A wounded heart, and wretched soule, depriu'd of all delight,
Where neuer thought of comfort came, that passiō might appease,
Or by the smallest sparke of hope might giue the smallest ease,
Let me intreat that solemne Muse that serues but sorrowes turne,
In ceasseleſſe sighes, and endleſſe sobs, to helpe my soule to mourne.
But, oh, what thought beyōd al thought hath thought to think vpon,
Where patience findes her greatest power in passions ouergon,
That neere the doore of natures death in dolefull notes doth dwell,
In horrors fits that will describe my too much figur'd hell.
What want, what wrong, what care, what crosse may crucifie a hart,
But, day and howre, I doe endure in all, and euery part?
Want to sustaine the bodies neede, wrong to distract the minde:
Where want makes wit and reason both to goe against their kinde.
Care, to deuise for comforts helpe: but so by fortune croſt,
As kils the heart, to cast the eye, on nought but labour loſt.
Desire to liue in spite of death; yet still, in liuing, dying:
And so a greater death then death, by want of dying, trying.
Oh hell of hels, if euer earth such horror can afford,
Where such a world of helpeleſſe cares doe lay the heart aboord.
No day, no night, no thought, no dreame, but of that doleful nature,
That may amaze, or sore affright a most afflicted creature.
Friends turnd to foes, foes vse their force: and fortune, in her pride
Shaks hands with fate, to make my soule the weight of sorrow bide.
Care brings in sicknes, sicknes pain, & paine with patience passion,
With biting in most bitter griefes, brings feature out of fashion:
Where brawn falne cheeks, heart scalding sighs, & dimmed eyes with teares,
Doe shewe, in lifes Anatomy, what burthen sorrowe beares.
Where all day long, in helpleſſe cares, all hopeleſſe of reliefe,
I wish for night, I might not see the obiectes of my griefe.
And, when night comes, woes keep my wits in such a waking vaine,
That I could wish, though to my griefe, that it were day againe.
Thus, daies are nights: which nights are daies: which daies are like
That to my passiōs sēse presēt but only sorrows sights, (those nights,
Which to the eye but of the minde of misery appeare,
To fill the heart of forlorne hope too full of heauie cheare.
Oh hart, how canst thou hold so long, and art not broke ere this?
When all thy strings are but the straines that cōfort strikes amisse.
Yet must thou make thy musicke still, but of that mournfull straine,
Where sorrowe, in the sound of death, doth shew her sweetest vain:

Or

Or, where her Muſes all conſent, in their conſort to trie
Their ſweeteſt muſicke in deſire to die, and can not die.
The Pellican, that kils her ſelfe, her young ones for to feede,
Is pleaſ'd to dy, that they may liue, that ſuck when ſhe doth bleede:
But, while I in thoſe cares conſume, that would my ſpirit kill,
Nought liues by me, when I muſt die, to feede but ſorrowes will.
The Hart, that's hũted all day long, hath ſport yet with the hoũds,
And happly beats off many a dogge before his deadly wounds:
But my poore heart is hunted ſtill, with ſuch a cruell cry,
As, in their dogged humours, liue, while I alone muſt die.
The Swan that ſings before her death doth ſhew that ſhe is pleaſ'd,
To knowe that death will not be long in helping the diſeaſ'd:
But my poore Swanlike ſoule (alas) hath no ſuch power to ſing,
Becauſe ſhe knowes not when my death will make my care a king.
What ſhall I ſay? but only ſay; I knowe not what to ſay:
So many torments teare my heart, and tugge it euery way.
My Sunne is turnd into a ſhade: or elſe mine eyes are blinde,
That ſorrowes cloude makes all ſeeme darke, that comes into my minde.
My youth, to age: or elſe, becauſe my comforts are ſo colde,
My ſorrowe makes me in conceit to be decrepit olde.
My hopes to feares: or elſe becauſe my fortunes are forlorne,
My fancie makes me make my ſelfe vnto my ſelfe a ſcorne.
My life, to death: or elſe becauſe my heart is ſo perxplexed,
I finde my ſelfe but liuing dead, to feele my ſoule ſo vexed.
For, what is here that earth can yeeld in pleaſures ſweeteſt vaine,
But, in the midſt of all my cares, doth ſtill increaſe my paine?
While Epicures are ouerglut, I ly and ſtarue for foode,
Becauſe my conſcience can not thriue vpon ill gotten good.
While other ſwimme in choyce of ſilkes, I ſit alone in ragges,
Becauſe I can not fitte the time, to fill the golden bagges.
While other are bedeckt in golde, in pearle and pretious ſtone,
I ſigh to ſee they haue ſo much, and I can light of none.
Not that I enuie their eſtate, but wiſh that God would giue
Some comfort, to my carefull hope, wherby my heart might liue.
Some pleaſe themſelues in choyce of ſports, in trifles, and in toies,
While my poore feeble ſpirit feedes, of nothing but annoyes.
Some haue their houſes ſtately built, and gorgeous to beholde,
While in a cottage, bare and poore, I bide the bitter colde.
Some haue their chariots and their horſe to beare them to and fro,
While I am glad to walke on foote, and glad I can doe ſo.
Some haue their muſickes hermony to pleaſe their idle eares,

Bretons Melancholike Humours.

While of the ſong of ſorrow, ſtill, my ſoule the burthen beares.
Some haue their choyce of all perfumes, that natures arte can giue;
While ſinne doth ſtinke ſo, in my ſoule, as makes me loath to liue.
They, like the wielders of the world, command and haue their will;
While I, a weakling in the world, am ſlaue to ſorrow ſtill.
The Owle, that makes the night her day, delights yet in the darke:
But I am forc't to play the Owle, that haue beene bred a Larke.
The Eagle, from the loweſt vale, can mount the lofty skie:
But, I am falne downe from the hill, and in the vale muſt die.
The Sparrow, in a Princes houſe, can finde a place to builde:
I ſcarce can finde out any place, that will my comfort yeelde.
The little Wrenne doth finde a worme, the little Finch a ſeede;
While my poore heart doth hunger ſtill, and finds but little feede.
The Bee doth finde her hony flower, the Butterflie her leafe:
But I can finde a world of corne, that yeeldes not me a ſheafe.
The horſe, the Oxe, the ſilly Aſſe, that tugge out all the day,
At night come home, and take their reſt, and lay their worke away;
While my poore heart, both day and night, in paſſions ouertoild,
By ouerlabour of my braine, doth finde my ſpirit ſpoiled.
The winds doe blowe away the clowds, that would obſcure the Sun:
And, how all glorious is the sky, when once the ſtormes are done!
But, in the heauē of my harts hope, where my loues light doth ſhine,
I nothing ſee, but clouds of cares, or elſe my ſunne decline.
The earth is watred, ſmoth'd and dreſt, to keepe her gardens gay;
While my poore heart, in woefull thoughtes, muſt wither ſtill away.
The Sea is ſometime at a calme, where ſhippes at anchor ride,
And fiſhes, on the ſunny ſhore, doe play on euery ſide:
But my poore heart, in ſorrowes ſeas, is ſicke of ſuch a qualme,
As, while theſe ſtormy tempeſts holde, can neuer looke for calme.
So that I ſee, each bird, and beaſt, the ſea, the earth, the sky,
All ſometime in their pleaſures liue, while I alone muſt die.
Now, thinke, if all this be too true (as would it were not ſo)
If any creature liue on earth, that doe like ſorrow knowe.
Nay, aſke of ſorrow, euen her ſelfe; to thinke how I am wounded,
If ſhe be not, to ſee my woes, within her ſelfe confounded;
Or ſay, no figure can ſuffice, my ſorrowes frame to faſhion,
Where patiēce thus hath ſhew'd her ſelfe, beyōd her ſelfe in paſſion.

Par nulla figura dolori, nec dolor meo.

A ſolemne farewell to the world.

OH forlorne fancy, whereto doſt thou liue,
To weary out the ſenſes with vnreſt?
Hopes are but cares, that but diſcomforts giue,
While only fooles doe clime the *Phœnix* neſt.
To heart ſicke ſoules, all ioyes are but a ieſt.
Thou doſt in vain, but ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
With blinded eyes to ſee the ſunny beame.

Die with deſire, abandond from delight.
Thy weary winter laſteth all the yeare.
Say to thy ſelfe, that darkneſſe is the light,
Wherein doth nothing but thy death appeare;
While wit, and ſenſe, in ſorrowes heauy cheare,
Findes thee an humour, but vnkindly bredde,
Of hopes illuſions, in too weake a head.

Fortune affrightes thee with a thouſand feares,
While folly feedes thee with abuſe of wit:
And, while thy force in fainting paſſion weares,
Patience is ready to increaſe the fit,
Where agonies in their extreames doe ſit.
So that, each way, thy ſoule is ſo perplexed,
As better die, then liue to be ſo vexed.

Say, patience ſomewhat doe aſſwage thy paine;
Prolonged cures are too vncomfortable:
And where that care doth neuer comfort gaine,
The ſtate, alaſſe, muſt needes be miſerable.
Where ſorrowes labours are ſo lamentable,
That ſilence ſaies, that to the ſoule complains,
Concealed ſorrowes are the killing paines.

Then doe not ceaſſe to ſigh, and ſobbe thy fill,
Bleede in the teares of true loues liuing blood,
Shewe how vnkindneſſe ſeekes the heart to kill,
That hides a Buzzard in a Falcons hoode.
Feede not thy ſelfe with miſconceipted good.
Better to ſtarue, then, in a ſugred pill,
To taſte the poiſon of the ſpirits ill.

But, if thou canſt content thee with thy life,
And wilt endure a double death to liue,
If thou canſt beare that bitter kinde of ſtrife,
Where croſſe conceipts but diſcontents do giue,
If to this ende, thou canſt thine humour driue,
And cares true patience can command thée ſo,
Giue mee then leaue to tell thee what I knowe.

I knowe too well, that all too long haue tryed,
That earth containeth not that may content thee.
Sorrowe will ſo beſet thee on each ſide,
That wit, nor reaſon can the thought inuent thee,
But that will ſome way ſerue for to torment thee.
Hope wil deceiue thee, happineſſe goe by thee,
Fortune will faile thee, and the world defie thee.

Beauty will blinde thine eyes, bewitch thine heart,
Confound thy ſenſes, and commaund thy will,
Scorne thy deſire, not looke on thy deſart,
Diſdaine thy ſeruice, quite thy good with ill,
And make no care thy very ſoule to kill:
Time will outgoe thee, ſorrowe onertake thee,
And death, a ſhadow of a ſubſtance, make thee.

I know this world will neuer be for thee:
Conſcience muſt carry thee another way.
Another world muſt be for thee and mee,
Where happie thoughts muſt make their holiday,
While heauenly comforts neuer will decay.
We muſt not thinke in this ill age to thriue,
Where faith and loue are ſcarcely found aliue.

Wee muſt not build our houſes on the ſands,
Where euery flood will waſh them quite away:
Nor ſet our ſeales vnto thoſe wicked bands,
Where damned ſoules their debts in hel muſt pay:
Our ſtates muſt ſtand vpon a better ſtay:
Vpon the rock we muſt our houſes builde,
That wil our frames, from winde, & water ſhield

Goe, bid the world, with all his traſh, farewell,
And tell the earth, it ſhall be all but duſt:
Theſe wicked wares that worldlings buy and ſell,
The Moath will eate, or elſe the canker ruſt:
All fleſh is graſſe, and to the graue it muſt.
This ſinke of ſinne, is but the way to hell,
Leaue it I ſay, and bid the world farewell.

Account of pompe, but as a ſhadowed power,
And thinke of friends, but as the ſommer flies:
Eſteeme of beauty as a fading flower,
And louers fancies, but as fabled lies:
Knowe, that on earth there is no Paradiſe.
VVho ſees not heauen, is ſurely ſpirit-blinde,
And like a body, that doth lacke a minde.

Then

Then, let vs lie as dead, till there wee liue,
Where only loue doth liue for euer bleſt,
And only loue the onely life doth giue,
That bringes the ſoule vnto eternall reſt.
Let vs this wicked, wretched world deteſt,
Where graceleſſe hearts in helliſh ſins perſeuer,
And fly to heauen, to liue in grace for euer.

¶ *A ſolemne conceipt.*

1

DOTH loue liue in beauties eyes?
Why then are they ſo vnlouing?
Patience in her paſſion prouing:
There his ſorrowe chiefely lies.

2

Liues beliefe in louers hearts?
Why then are they vnbelieuing,
Hourely ſo the ſpirit grieuing,
With a thouſand iealous ſmarts?

3

Is there pleaſure in loues paſſion?
Why then is it ſo vnpleaſing,
Heart and ſpirit both diſeaſing,
Where the wits are out of faſhion?

1

No: loue ſees, in beauties eyes:
He hath only loſt his ſeeing:
Where in ſorrowes only being,
All his comfort wholly dies.

2

Faith, within the heart of loue,
Fearefull of the thing it hath,
Treading of a trembling path,
Doth but iealouſie approue.

3

In loues paſſion then what pleaſure?
Which is but a lunacy:
Where griefe, feare, and iealouſie
Plague the ſenſes out of meaſure.

Farewell then (vnkindly) fancy,
In thy courſes all too cruell:
Woe, the price of ſuch a iewell,
As turnes reaſon to a franzy.

¶ *A ſtraunge A, B, C.*

TO learne the babies A, B, C,
Is fit for children, not for mee.
I knowe the letters all ſo well,
I neede not learne the way to ſpell:
And, for the croſſe, before the rowe,
I learn'd it all too long agoe.

Then let them goe to ſchoole that liſt,
To hang the lippe, at *Had I wiſt.*
I neuer lou'd a booke of horne,
Nor leaues, that haue their letters worne,
Nor with a feſcue to direct mee,
Where euery puny ſhall correct mee.

Bretons Melancholike Humours.

I will the treuant play a while,
And,with mine eare, mine eye beguile,
And only heare, what other ſee,
What mocketh them as well as mee,
And laugh at him, that goes to ſchoole,
To learne with mee to play the foole.

But ſoft a while:I haue miſtooke.
This is but ſome imagin'd booke,
That wilfull hearts in wantons eyes,
Doe onely by conceits deuiſe:
Where ſpell,and put together proue
The reading of the rules of loue.

But, if it be ſo, let it be:
It ſhall no leſſon be for mee.
Let them goe ſpell, that can not reede,
And know the croſſe vnto their ſpeede;
VVhile I am taught but to diſcerne,
How to forget the thing I learne.

¶ *Fie on pride.*

THis hidden pride that lurkes in beauties eyes,
And ouerlookes the humble hearts of loue,
Doth nothing elſe but vaine effectes deuiſe,
That may diſcretion from the minde remoue.

Oh, how it workes in wit, for idle wordes,
To buy repentance but with labour loſt:
While ſorrowes fortune nothing elſe affordes
But ſhowres of raine, vpon a bitter froſt.

A wicked ſhadowe that deceiues the ſight,
And breedes an itch, that ouerrunnes the hart:
Which, leauing reaſon in a pitious plight,
Conſumes the ſpirit, with a cureleſſe ſmart.

While wounded patience in her paſſion cries;
Fie vpon pride, that lurkes in beauties eyes.

¶ *A farewell to loue.*

FAREVVELL loue, and louing folly,
All thy thoughts are too vnholly:
Beauty ſtrikes thee full of blindeneſſe,
And then kils thee with vnkindneſſe.

Farewell wit, and witty reaſon,
All betrai'd, by fancies treaſon:,
Loue hath of all ioy bereft thee,
And to ſorrow only left thee.

Farewell will, and wilfull faney,
All in daunger of a franzy:
Loue to beauties bowe hath wonne thee,
And togither, all vndone thee.

Fare-

Farewell beauty, ſorrowes Agent:
Farewell ſorrow, patience pagent:
Farewell patience, paſſions ſtayer:
Farewell paſſion, loues betrayer.

Sorrowes agent, patience pagent:
Paſſions ſtayer, loues betrayer,
Beauty, ſorrow, patience, paſſion,
Farewell life of ſuch a faſhion.

Faſhion, ſo good faſhions ſpilling:
Paſſion, ſo with paſſions killing:
Patience ,ſo with ſorrow wounding:
Farewell beauty, loues confounding.

¶ *A ieaſting curſe.*

FIE vpon that too much beauty,
That ſo blindeth reaſons ſeeing,
As, in ſwearing all loues duety,
Giues him, no where elſe, a beeing.

Curſed be thou all in kindneſſe,
That with beauty, loue haſt wounded;
Bleſſing loue,yet in ſuch blindeneſſe,
As in beautie is confounded.

Euer maiſt thou liue tormented,
With the faith of loue vnfained,
Till thy heart may be contented
To relieue whom thou haſt pained.

Thus, in wroth of ſo well pleaſed,
As concealeth ioyes confeſſing,
Till my paine be wholly eaſed,
Curſed be thou, all in bleſſing.

So farewell, and fairely note it;
He, who as his ſoule doth hate thee,
From his very heart hath wrote it,
Neuer euill thought come at thee.

¶ *A ſolemne toie.*

IF that loue had beene a king,
He would haue commanded beauty:
But, hee is a ſilly thing,
That hath ſworne to doe her duety.

If that loue had beene a God,
He had then bene full of grace:
But, how grace and loue are odde,
Tis too plaine a pitious caſe.

No: loue is an idle ieaſt,
That hath only made a woord
Like vnto a Cuckoes neaſt,
That hath neuer hatcht a bird.

Then, from nothing to conceiue
That may any ſubſtance bee;
Yet ſo many doth deceiue,
Lord of heauen deliuer mee.

¶ *A displeasure against loue.*

LOVE is witty, but not wise,
When he stares on beauties eyes,
Finding wonders in conceit,
That doe fall out but deceit.

Wit is stable, but not staied,
When his senses are betraied:
Where, too late sorrow doth proue,
Beauty makes a foole of loue.

Youth is forward, but too fond,
When he falles in *Cupids* bond:
Where repentance lets him see,
Fancy fast is neuer free.

Age is cunning, but vnkinde,
When he once growes *Cupid*-blinde.
For, when beauty is vntoward,
Age can neuer be but froward.

So that I doe finde in briefe,
In the grounds of natures griefe,
Age, and youth, and wit doe proue,
Beauty makes a foole of loue.

¶ *A farewell to conceipt.*

FAREVVELL conceit: Cõceit no more wel fare.
Hope feeds the heart with humours, to no end:
Fortune is false in dealing of her share:
Vertue, in heauen, must only seeke a friend.

Adieu desire: desire, no more adieu.
Will hath no leasure to regard desart:
Loue findes, too late, the prouerbe all too true,
That beauties eyes stoode neuer in her heart.

Away poore loue: loue, seeke no more a way
Vnto thy woe, where wishing is no wealth:
In nightes deepe darkenesse, neuer looke for day,
Nor in hearts sickenesse, euer seeke for health.

Desire, conceipt, away, adieu, farewell.
Loue is deceiu'd, that seeks for heauen in hell.

An vnhappy, solemne, jeasting curse.

OH venome, cursed, wicked, wretched eyes,
The killing lookers on the heart of loue:
Where witching beauty liues but to deuise
The plague of wit, and passions hell to proue:

That snowy necke, that chillest, more then snowe,
Both eyes & harts, that liue but to behold thee:
That graceles lip, frõ whẽce loues grief doth grow,
Who doth, in all his sweetest sense infold thee:

Those chaining hairs more hard then iron chains,
In tying fast the fairest thoughts of loue,
Yee shameful cheeks, that in your blushing vains,
The rauisht passions of the minde doe proue:

Yee

Yee ſpider fingers of thoſe ſpitefull hands,
That worke but webbes, to tangle fancies eyes:
That Idole breaſt, that like an Image ſtands,
To worke the hell of reaſons hereſies:

Thoſe Fairy feete, whoſe chary ſteppes doe ſteale
Thoſe hearts, whoſe eies do but their ſhadowes ſee:
That ruthleſſe ſpirit, that may well reueale,
Where loues confuſions all included be:

To thee, that canſt, or wilt not bend thy will,
To vſe thy gifts all gratious in their nature,
To patience good, and not to paſſions ill,
And maiſt, and wilt not be a bleſſed creature,

I wiſh, and pray, thine eyes may weepe for woe
They cannot get one looke of thy beloued:
Thy ſnowy necke may be as colde as ſnowe,
With colde of feare, it hath no fancy moued.

Thy lippe, in anger by thy teeth be bitten,
It can not giue one kiſſing ſweete of loue:
And, by thy hands, thy ſhriu'led haires be ſmitten,
For want of holding of thy hopes behoue:

Thy bluſhing cheekes looſe all their liuely blood,
With pining paſſions of impatient thought:
That Idole bodie, like a piece of wood,
Conſume, to ſee it is eſteemd for nought.

Thoſe ſpider fingers, and thoſe Fairy feete
The crampe ſo crooke, that they may creepe for
And, in that ſpirit ſorrowes poiſons meete, (griefe:
To bring on death, where loue hath no reliefe.

All theſe, and more iuſt meaſures of amiſſe
Vpon thy frownes, on faithfull loue, betall:
But, ſweetly ſmile, & then heauēs pour their bliſſe
On thy hairs, neck, cheeks, lip, hands, feet, & all.

¶ *A quarrell with loue.*

OH that I could write a ſtory
Of loues dealing with affection;
How hee makes the ſpirit ſory,
That is toucht with his infection.

But he doth ſo cloſely winde him,
In the plaits of will ill pleaſed,
That the heart can neuer finde him,
Till it be too much diſeaſed.

Tis a ſubtill kinde of ſpirit,
Of a venome kinde of nature,
That can, like a conny ferret,
Creepe vnwares vpon a creature.

Neuer eye that can beholde it,
Though it worketh firſt by ſeeing;
Nor conceipt, that can vnfolde it,
Though in thoughts be all his being.

Oh,

Oh, it maketh olde men witty,
Young men wanton, women idle,
While that patience weepes, for pitty
Reaſon bitts not natures bridle.

In it ſelfe it hath no ſubſtance,
Yet is working worlds of wonder,
While, in phrenſies fearefull inſtance,
Wit, and ſenſe are put aſunder.

What it is, is in coniecture,
Seeking much, but nothing finding:
Like to fancies architecture,
With illuſions, reaſon blinding.

Day and night, it neuer reſteth,
Mocking fancy with ill fortune,
While the ſpirit it moleſteth,
That doth patience ſtill importune.

Yet, for all this, how to finde it,
Tis vnpoſſible to ſhowe it;
When the Muſe, that moſt doth minde it,
Will be furtheſt off to know it.

Yet can beauty ſo reteine it,
In the profit of her ſeruice,
That ſhe cloſely can mainteine it,
For her ſeruant chiefe in office.

In her eye, ſhe chiefely breedes it:
In her cheekes, ſhe chiefely hides it:
In her ſeruants faith, ſhee feedes it,
While his only heart abides it.

All his humour is in changing:
All his worke is in inuention:
All his pleaſure is in ranging:
All his truthe but in intention.

Straunge, in all effectes conceiued:
But, in ſubſtance, nothing ſounded,
While the ſenſes are deceiued,
That on idle thoughts are grounded.

Not to dwell vpon a trifle,
That doth follies hope befall,
Tis but a newe nothing nifle,
Made for fooles to play withall.

¶ *A wiſh in vaine.*

OH, that wit were not amazed,
At the wonder of his ſenſes:
Or his eyes, not ouergazed,
In *Mineruas* excellences.

Oh, that reaſon were not foiled,
In the rules of all his learning:
Or his learning were not ſpoiled,
In the ſweete of loues diſcerning.

Oh, that beauty were not froward,
In regard of reaſons duety:
Or, that will were not vntoward,
In the waiward wit of beauty.

But, ſince all in vaine are wiſhes,
Patience tels them that haue paſt it;
Poyſ'ned broth, in ſiluer diſhes,
Kils their ſtomackes that doe taſte it.

Wit, and reaſon, loue, and learning,
All in beauties eyes are blinded,
Where, in ſenſe of ſweete diſcerning,
She will be vnkindly minded.

Let thoſe hartes, whoſe eyes perceiue her,
Triumphe, but in thoughts tormented:
Labour all they can to leaue her,
Or elſe die, and be contented.

¶ *A conceipt vpon an Eagle, and a Phœnix.*

THERE ſate ſometime an Eagle on a hill,
Hanging his wings, as if he could not flie:
Blacke was his coate, and tauny was his bill,
Grey were his legges, and gloomy was his eye,
Blunted his talents, and his traine ſo bruiſed,
As if his brauery had beene much abuſed.

This foule olde birde of ſome vnhappy brood,
That could abide no hauke of higher wing
(But fed his gorge vpon ſuch bloody foode,
As might, in feare, maintaine a cruell king)
Faire on a rocke of pearle and pretious ſtone,
Eſpied a *Phœnix* ſitting all alone.

No ſooner had this heauenly birde in ſight,
But vp he flickers, as he would haue flowne:
But, all in feare, to make ſo farre a flight,
Vntill his pennes were ſomewhat harder growne:
He gaue a rowſe, as, who ſhould ſay, in rage
He ſhew'd the fury of his froward age.

And, for this *Phœnix* ſtill did front his eyes,
Hee cald a counſell of his kites together:
With whom, in haſte, he wold the mean deuiſe,
By ſecret arte to leade an armie thither,
And ſo pull downe, from place of highe eſtate,
This heauenly bird, that he had ſo in hate.

Much talke there was, & wondrous heede was held
How to atchieue this high attempt in hand:
Some out were ſẽt to ſoare about the field,
Where flue this grace and glory of the land,
To mark her courſe, & how ſhe made her wing,
And how her ſtrẽgth might ſtãd with ſuch a king.

And

And forthwith ſhould ſuch cages be deuiſed,
As ſhould encloſe full many thouſand fowles:
By whom, her ſeat ſhould quickly be ſurprized,
And all her birds ſhould handled be like owles:
No time detract this deede muſt needs be don:
And ere they went, the world was wholly won.

But, ſoft a while: no ſooner ſeene the land,
But, ere they came in kenning of the coaſt,
So great a force their fortune did withſtand,
That all the brauery of the birds was loſt:
Some leakt, ſome ſanke, & ſome ſo ran on groũd,
The cages burſt, and all the birds were drownd.

But, when the eagle heard what was become
Of all his flight, that flick'red here and there,
Some ſicke, ſome hurt, ſome lame, & all & ſũme
Or farre from hope, or all too neere in feare,
He ſtoupt his traine, and hung his he ad ſo ſore,
As if his heart had neuer burſt before.

¶ *A conceited fancy.*

PVRE colours can abide no ſtaine:
The ſunne can neuer loſe his light:
And vertue hath a heauenly vaine,
That well may claime a queenely right:
So, giue my miſtreſſe but her due,
Who tolde mee all theſe tales of you.

From heauen on earth, the Sunne doth ſhine,
From vertue comes diſcretions loue:
They both are in themſelues diuine;
Yet worke for weaker hearts behoue:
So, would my miſtreſſe had her due,
To tell mee ſtill theſe tales of you.

But, oh, the Sunne is in a clowde,
And vertue liues in ſweetes vnſeene:
The earth with heauen is not allow'd,
A begger muſt not loue a Queene:
So muſt my miſtreſſe haue her due,
To tell mee ſtill theſe tales of you.

Then ſhine faire Sunne, when clouds are gon:
Liue vertue in thy queenely loue:
Chooſe ſome ſuch place to ſhine vpon,
As may thy Paradiſe approue;
That, when my miſtreſſe hath her due,
I may heare all this heauen in you.

¶ *A ſmile miſconſtrued.*

BY your leaue, a little while:
Loue hath got a beauties ſmile,
From on earth, the faireſt face:
But, he may be much deceiued,
Kindeneſſe may be miſconceiued,
Laughing, ott, is in diſgrace.

Oh,

Oh, but he doth knowe her nature,
And to be that bleſſed creature,
That doth anſwere loue with kindneſſe.
Tuſh, the *Phœnix* is a fable,
Phœbus horſes haue no ſtable:
'Loue is often full of blindneſſe.

Oh, but he doth heare her voice:
Which doth make his heart reioyce,
With the ſweeteneſſe of her ſounde.
Simple hope may be abuſed.
Heares he not he is refuſed?
Which may giue his heart a wound.

No: loue can belieue it neuer.
Beauty fauours once, and euer,
Though proud enuie play the elfe:
Truthe, and patience haue approued
Loue ſhall euer be beloued,
If my miſtreſſe be her ſelfe.

¶ *An odde humour.*

PVRELY faire, and fairely wiſe,
Bleſſed wit, and bleſſed eyes,
Bleſſed wiſe, and bleſſed faire,
Neuer may thy bliſſe impaire.

Kindely true, and truly kinde,
Bleſſed heart, and bleſſed minde,
Bleſſed kind, and bleſſed true,
Euer may thy bliſſe renue.

Sweetely deare, and dearely ſweete,
Bleſſed, where theſe bleſſings meete:
Bleſſed meetings neuer ceaſe,
Euer may thy bliſſe encreaſe.

Bleſſed beauty, wit, and ſenſe,
Bleſt, in natures excellence,
Where all bleſſinges periſh neuer,
Bleſſed maiſt thou liue for euer.

¶ *A waggery.*

CHILDRENS ahs, and womens ohs
Doe a wondrous griefe diſcloſe:
Where a dugge the tone will ſtill,
And the tother but a will.

Then, in gods name, let them cry.
While they cry, they will not die.
For, but fewe that are ſo curſt,
As to cry, vntill they burſt.

Say, ſome children are vntoward:
So ſome women are as froward:
Let them cry them, 'twill not kill them:
There is time enough to ſtill them.

But

But, if pitty will be pleaſed
To relieue the ſmall diſeaſed,
When the helpe is once applying,
They will quickly leaue their crying.

Let the childe then ſucke his fill,
Let the woman haue her will,
All will huſh, was hearde before:
Ah, and oh, will cry no more.

¶ *An odde conceipt.*

LOVELY kinde, and kindly louing,
Such a minde were worth the mouing:
Truly faire, and fairely true,
Where are all theſe, but in you?

Wiſely kinde, and kindely wiſe,
Bleſſed life, where ſuch loue lies.
Wiſe, and kinde, and faire, and true,
Louely liue all theſe in you.

Sweetely deare, and dearely ſweete,
Bleſſed where theſe bleſſings meete.
Sweete, faire, wiſe, kinde, bleſſed, true,
Bleſſed be all theſe in you.

¶ *A dolefull fancy.*

SORROVV rippe vp all thy ſenſes,
Neereſt vnto horrors nature:
Taſte of all thy quinteſſences,
That may kill a wretched creature.

Then, beholde my wofull ſpirit,
All in paſſions ouerthrowne:
And, full cloſely, like a ferret,
Seize vpon it for thine owne.

But, if thou doe growe diſmaid,
When thou doſt but looke on mee,
When my paſſions well diſplaid,
Will but make a blaſt of thee,

Then in griefe of thy diſgraces,
Where my fortunes doe deface thee,
Tell thy Muſes to their faces,
They may learne of mee to grace thee.

For, thy ſighes, thy ſobbes, and teares
But thy common badges beene:
While the paine the ſpirit beares,
Eates away the heart vnſeene.

Where, in ſilence ſwallowed vp
Are the ſighes and teares of loue,
Which are drawne to fill the cuppe
Muſt be drunke to deaths behoue.

Then beholding my hearts ſwoune,
In my torments more and more,
Say, when thou doſt ſit thee downe,
Thou wert neuer grac't before.

¶ *An Epitaph vpon Poet Spencer.*

MOVRNFVLL Muſes, ſorrowes minions,
Dwelling in deſpaires opinions,
Yee that neuer thought inuented,
How a heart may be contented
(But in torments all diſtreſſed,
Hopeleſſe how to be redreſſed,
All with howling and with crying,
Liue in a continuall dying)
Sing a Dirge on *Spencers* death,
Till your ſoules be out of breath.

Bidde the Dunces keepe their dennes,
And the Poets breake their pennes:
Bidde the Sheepheards ſhed their teares,
And the Nymphes go teare their haires:
Bidde the Schollers leaue their reeding,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding:
Bidde the valiant and the wiſe,
Full of ſorrowes fill their eyes;
All for griefe, that he is gone,
Who did grace them euery one.

Fairy Queene, ſhew faireſt Queene,
How her faire in thee is ſeene.
Sheepeheards Calender ſet downe,
How to figure beſt a clowne.
As for Mother *Hubberts* tale,
Cracke the nut, and take the ſhale:
And for other workes of worth,
(All too good to wander forth)
Grieue that euer you were wrot,
And your Author be forgot.

Farewell Arte of Poetry,
Scorning idle foolery:
Farewell true conceited reaſon,
Where was neuer thought of treaſon:
Farewell iudgement with inuention,
To deſcribe a hearts intention:
Farewell wit, whoſe ſound and ſenſe
Shewe a Poets excellence:
Farewell all in one togither,
And, with *Spencers* garland, wither.

And, if any Graces liue,
That will vertue honour giue,
Let them ſhewe their true affection,
In the depth of griefes perfection,
In deſcribing forth her glory,
When ſhe is moſt deepely ſory;
That they all may wiſh to heere,
Such a ſong, and ſuch a quier,
As, with all the woes they haue,
Follow *Spencer* to his graue.

FINIS.